

you written to beare along.

Fren. G. We serue you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtiesies, Will you draw neerer?

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:

Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy COUNTRY, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:

Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.

Who euer charges on his forward brest

I am the Cairiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the rauiue Lyon when he roar'd

With sharpe complaint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,

As oft it looses all: I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee heere,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone;

That pittifull rumour may report my flight

To console thine eare. Come night, end day,

For with the darke (poore thee) I'll steale away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, drums and trumpets, soldiers, Parolles, &c.

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence Vpon thy promising fortune.

Par. Sir, it is a charge too heavy for my strength, but yet We'll striue to beare it for your worthy sake, To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth, And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme As thy auspicious mistress.

Par. This very day I put my selfe into thy file, Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file, Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue A loner of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her: Might you not know she would do, as she has done, By sending me a Letter. Reads it againe.

La. I am *S. Iaguer* Pilgrim, thither gone, Ambitious loue hath so in mee offended, That bare-footed I the cold ground open With sainted vow my faults to him amended.

Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre, My dearest Master your deare sonne, may be, Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre, His name with zealous seruour sanctifie: His taken labours bid him me forgine: I his despatchfull Inno sent him forth, From Courty friends, with Camping foes to line, Where death and danger dogges the heeles of warre, He is too good and faire for death, and mee, Whom I my selfe embrace, to see him free.

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words? *Rynaldo*, you did neuer lacke aduice so much, As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her, I could haue well diuerted her intents, Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam, If I had giuen you this at ouer-night, She might haue bene ore-tane: and yet she writes Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue, Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare And loues to grant, repreece him from the wrath Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*, To this vnworthy husband of his wife, Let euery word waigh heauie of her worth, That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe, Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply. Dispatch the most conuenient messenger, When haply he shall heare that she is gone, He will returne, and hope I may that thee Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe, Led hither by pure loue: which of them both Is dearest to me, I haue no skill in sence To make distinction: prouide this Messenger: My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake, Griefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exit.*

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Valmida, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widow. Nay come, For if they do approach the City, We shall loose all the fight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done Most honourable seruice.

Wid. It is reported, That he has taken their great Commander, And that with his owne hand he slew The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour, They are gone a contrarie waye hark, you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe, And suffice our selues with the report of it. Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Eagle, The honor of a Maide is her name, And no Legacie is so rich As honestie.

Widow. I haue told my neighbour How you haue bene solicited by a Gentleman His Companion.

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath bene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are lined with the twiggies that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me. *Enter Holles.* I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are you bound?

Hel. To *S. Iaguer la grand*. Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you? *Wid.* At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Hark you, they come this way: If you will carrie holy Pilgrime But till the troopes come by, I will conuay you where you shall be lodg'd, The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

Wid. you came I thinke from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countessman of yours That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that heares most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is

He's brauely taken heere. He stole from France

As 'tis reported: for the King had married him

Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,

Reports but courtesly of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh I belieue with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane

To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing

Is a refered honestie, and that

I haue not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poore Ladie,

Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wherefore she is,

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maide might do her

A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her

In the vnlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender h
But she is arm'd for h
In honestest defence.

Drumme

Enter Count Rossillion

Mar. The godd

Wid. So, now they

That is *Anthony* the

That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume,

I would he lou'd his v

He were much good

Hel. I like him w

Di. Tis pittie he is

That leades him to th

I would poison that v

Hel. Which is he

Dia. That lacke a

melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he

Par. Loose our dr

Mar. He's shrewd

has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang

Mar. And your c

Wid. The troope

you, Where you shall

There's foure or fve,

Alreadie at my house

Hel. I humbly th

Please it this Matron,

To eate with vs to nig

Shall be for me, and t

I will bestow some pr

Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take y

Enter Count R

Cap. E. Nay good

haue his way.

Cap. G. If your Lo

hold meno more in y

Cap. E. On my life

Ber. Do you thin

Deceined in him.

Cap. E. Belceue ic

knowledge, without

as my kinsman, hee's

nite and endlesse Lyar

owner of no one good

entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit y

farre in his vertue whi

great and trustie busi

you.

Ber. I would I kne

him.

Cap. G. None b

drumme, which you

take to do.

C. E. I with a troo